

# ST FOLK MAKE MADE AT S. JUAN.

## Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg, of the Tenth Infantry, Tells of Their Heroism Under Fire.

### THE WORLD'S ACCUSATION.

(From the New York World, July 16.)

The following facts are scrupulously gathered: Colonel Downs's orders on reaching the road near the hill were to take the regiment as far as possible. This was passed along the line from the Second Cavalry. Downs sent the answer along the line: "I have taken the regiment as far as I can go."

The Seventy-first at the time had the Second, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth regiments directly behind. The regulars cursed the men of the Seventy-first and called them cowards. They shouted: "Let us go ahead then!"

All this time the Spaniards were pouring in a fire of shell and Mausers.

The Seventy-first opened its ranks and the regiments above named passed through in double column, facing the Seventy-first, whose men showed good discipline, but were without orders. They were stung by the jeers and boiling to go ahead.

The major of the Second Infantry, name unobtainable at present, shouted in passing: "For God's sake, boys, don't let it go back to New York that the Seventy-first didn't do its duty. They need you—need you badly. If officers won't take you," he said, "either go as companies or go yourselves!"

Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Kellogg, of the Tenth Regular Infantry, the first officer of prominence in the fight at San Juan Hill to reach this city, is at the Astor House. He arrived on the hospital ship Relief. Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg unconsciously in an interview last night put another nail in the World's malicious lie about the Seventy-first Regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg was one of the regiments which passed the Seventy-first as the men were drawn up on either side of the San Juan road.

He said that he was next to the Seventy-first regiment on the march up the hill. He naturally expected to find the Seventy-first fighting when he reached the front, as that regiment had started ahead. When he came across the Seventy-first drawn up on either side of the road the fact made no impression on him. He simply believed they had their orders.

There was No Jeering.

"There was absolutely no jeering by our men as we passed the Seventy-first," he said. "I did not then or later hear any unkind remarks about the Seventy-first not being on the firing line, for how could we know what their orders were?"

"There is no doubt that the Springfield rifles placed the Seventy-first men at a terrible disadvantage. The heavy smoke naturally drew fire from the enemy, as the regulars had no smokeless powder. This served to concentrate the Mauser bullets of the Spaniards on the raw regiment of volunteers and accounts for the number of dead. For this reason, I was informed, the regiment was ordered back."

Kellogg's regiment got probably as near the enemy as any of the troops. His regiment had almost driven the Spaniards out of their last trenches when the order came to cease firing. Some officers passed with his men and his bugler gave the order. The men took it for their own orders and quit firing.

"I am confident," said Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg, "that if we had had the artillery along on that first day of July we would have swept right on into the city."

Between Two Fires.

The position where Kellogg finally found himself was directly between the siege guns of our army and those of the Spaniards in the trenches. Had it been necessary to do any hard bombarding his men would have been cut to pieces between the two fires.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg says the marching over the Cuban roads was the hottest work he ever saw. The troops could not make more than four miles in six hours, and this prostrated a number of them.

Nearly half of his soldiers were too weak to drag one foot after the other on July 2, the hottest day of the campaign. Had the Spaniards been able to make a charge that day, not more than one-half of the regiment could have been able to resist.

After the city surrendered to General Shafter, Kellogg was taken to the rear from fever, malaria and exhaustion, started for the hospital in the rear. He found the hospital four miles to the rear on a very steep side hill so steep, in fact, that the men could not get comfortably on their blankets.

"There were no cots for the fever patients," such as we had in the hospital," he said. "I don't even if the wounded had cots. The first cots that I saw were those that went down to the Relief, which got to Shafter on the 11th. At Shafter the hospital arrangements were better. I stayed there until the Relief sailed North."

Americans Were Exhausted.

Speaking of the condition of the troops, Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg said the men were fast becoming weak, due to the heat, scant food and poor water. All the water they had, he says, was from one small stream, which the men had to use for bathing. They were glad enough to move to the rear. Gradually the War Department is improving the conditions of the army so that by autumn, with a rest and good food and water, the troops should be in the shape of men.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kellogg has been promoted to the rank of colonel, but his commission has not reached him yet. He expects to be put in charge of either the Fifth or Sixth regiments, now at the front. His family is still at Fort Sill, where he was stationed before the war opened, in command of the Tenth Infantry.

A Bandmaster's Tribute.

Bandmaster Shafter, of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, who came to New York on the Olivette, at the Press

### COL. KELLOGG'S REFUTATION.

Statement of Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Kellogg, of the Tenth Regular Infantry:

The Sixth, Sixteenth regulars and the Seventy-first volunteers formed one brigade of General Kent's division, which took the San Juan Hill. My regiment, the Tenth Infantry, was in another part of Kent's division, and we were following the Seventy-first at some distance up the San Juan road.

When we reached near the fighting line we found the Seventy-first men drawn up on either side of the road. We did not know why they were there; that was not our business to know. We had our orders to march through and had not the slightest idea of what orders the Seventy-first had. Neither my men nor I were questioned. We simply knew that the men were drawn up on either side of the road, and my men marched through and took the left of the Sixth regulars and began firing. When we got past the Seventy-first we found the Sixth and Sixteenth regulars fighting. There was not a word passed between my men and the boys of the Seventy-first as my regiment passed them on the San Juan road. There was no jeering or anything of the kind, and I heard none of my men speak about any such thing then or after.

I heard afterward that the reason the Seventy-first men were not in the fight was because the smoke from their old Springfield rifles attracted the fire of the enemy, and they were ordered to the rear. The rest of the brigade was armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles, the powder being of a different quality. I know that a number of the Seventy-first men were killed.

Club last night told of the efficiency of the Seventy-first Regiment.

In describing their charge up the small hill in front of San Juan, he said: "I never saw men so enthusiastic. They went up that hill, a distance of 500 yards, the demons, and in spite of the fact that they would not stop until the top was reached."

WAR TAX STAMPS.

The Artistic Woman Didn't Want to Disfigure Her Bank Check.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said when she had finally secured the attention of the cashier of the bank, "that I must put a stamp on this check?"

"If you do not the check will not be good," replied the cashier.

"But this is such a pretty check," she protested. "Don't you know that I picked out this bank to put my money in because the engraving on your checks is so artistic? It's an outrage to have to spoil it all."

"We can't help that, madam," answered the cashier. "If you say there must be a stamp on the check."

"Oh, well, if you just asked mine without the stamps," she insisted. "The law doesn't require any stamps on checks. I don't care anything about the 2 cents, you know," she hastened to add. "But I do hate to think that when I send the check for my next month's dues for our card club the secretary and the president will both see that ugly stamp and comment on my lack of taste."

"The cashier," returned the cashier, "warily."

"There isn't any place for the stamp, either," she argued. "I can put it anywhere on the check without covering up something or other."

"We didn't know when we had the check made," explained the cashier, "that it would be necessary to put stamps on them, or we would have left a place for them."

"I suppose so," she said thoughtfully. "Do you think they will look better in the upper right-hand corner or the lower left-hand corner?"

"But what I don't know," he replied. "But what you do think?" she persisted. "I shall put mine in the upper left-hand corner," she decided.

"Then that's where I'll put them," she said. "I'm ever so much obliged to you for all your kindness. Now suppose there's a stamp on the check, and I don't have to better get enough now to last me."

"That would be the safest way," he told her.

"Very well," she returned. "You may give me ten stamps."

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

BOY HATRED.

It Made the Fortune of One Who Became a Millionaire.

There was once a poor boy who, while walking along, saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad stuck his steps, and picking up the pin, stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man, choosing to pass it any, "Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

"He said he couldn't, so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big black 'R' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular interest revenue stamps had been exhausted, and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.